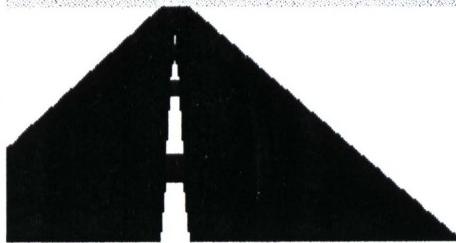
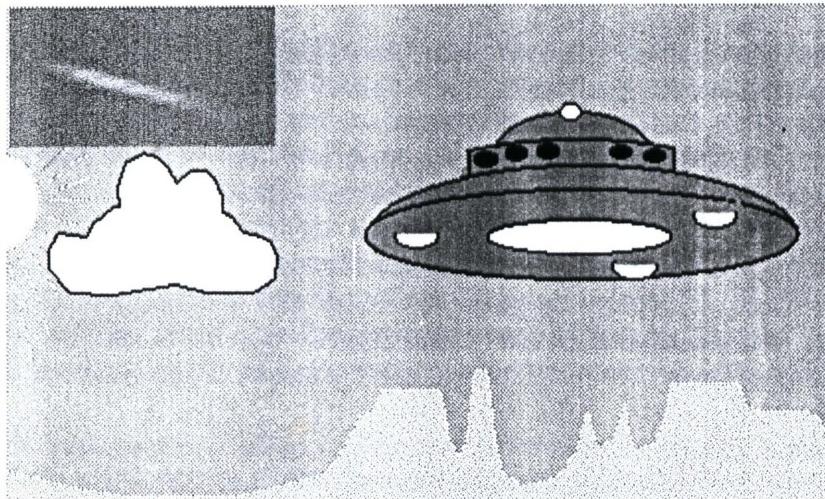


AMSKAYA



Newsletter of the STAR Fellowship

This biography of George Adamski is written with a strange mixture of sociology, anthropology and metaphysical thinking about the nature of reality. Because of the rather cynical, "worldly-wise" style it at first looks like one of the many Adamski-bashing texts that have appeared over the years, but reading it discloses that it is in fact an accurate account of the fascinating drama that was George Adamski's life, even though the story is interspersed by pages of metaphor, metaphysics and the author's views of the world.

The authenticity of the famous photographs is not doubted, both the scoutship ones which began the saga ("to this day, there is no proof that any of these photographs were forgeries...the plates used were very old-fashioned plates even at that time, and the obsolete equipment he used did not easily lend itself to experiment without leaving over-obvious traces of interference") and the Silver Spring film which came at the end of it ("...the shape changing alone is frighteningly convincing, and both Leonard Cramp and optical physicist William Sherwood testified to the authenticity of the film"). He also presented the double evidence of the Stephen Darbshire photographs at Coniston (the orthographic projections of Leonard Cramp, and the similarity of the distortion in the second photograph to that on the Silver Spring film).

The content of Adamski's contacts, however, seems to completely offend the author's view of how things should be ("..Adamski's space folk are pure Disney-schlock, and their conversations have the mental content of a Television Times or TV Guide editorial") so he concludes that Adamski was being duped by intelligences producing a world that exactly fitted his perceptions. The dropping of the photographic plate seems particularly ludicrous to him, the layout of the ship like a shopping mall, and the conversations condescending.

However, presumably because of the authentic parts of the story such as the photographs and even seemingly the first desert contact as seen by the witnesses, he muses at length on the actual nature of reality, and brings in ideas such as those of the Melanesian cargo cults, as has been done quite often before in UFO writing. He introduces a word "faction" which does not have its original meaning (a group of opposing opinion) but implying something between fact and fiction.

There were, however, interesting reports on how Adamski influenced such formidable figures as Captain Ruppelt of Project Blue Book (and "Crackpot File" fame) and Patrick Moore. Ruppelt had, by his own report, visited Adamski incognito at his cafe on the slopes of Mount Palomar, and says "To look at the man and to listen to his story you had an immediate urge to believe him. Maybe it was his appearance. He was dressed in well worn, but neat overalls. He had slightly graying hair and the most honest pair of eyes I've ever seen. Or maybe it was the way he told his story. He spoke softly and naively, almost pathetically, giving the impression that 'most people think I'm crazy, but honestly, I'm really not'". Adamski apparently brought out the plaster casts of the Venusian's shoes in front of Ruppelt, never realising who he was.

Patrick Moore also fell victim to the Adamski charm when, during his world tour, he interviewed him on television. Though everyone (including him) was expecting Adamski to be humiliated, the opposite happened - hardened critics in the press said next day he had won the debate by "sheer dignity" and Patrick Moore was given two weeks leave of absence after the experience.

The detail of the biography is very full, and includes the two lectures in Tunbridge Wells that were attended by Tony Wedd, who lived nearby at Chiddingstone. The first was by Desmond Leslie in 1955, and was the one which enthused Tony in the subject. The other was by Adamski himself in 1959.

The book finishes with a brief report of the case in Devon on the day after Adamski died, in which gardener Arthur Bryant (an Adamski lookalike himself) reported meeting an apparently young saucer occupant calling himself "Yamski". So we have the story from beginning to end, and the certain conclusion arrived at was "he related a tale the world was never to forget".

Introduction from *Earth Men, Space Men*, by Tony Wedd, Part 2:

Alice Gilbert's version of the sinking of Atlantis gives graphic detail to a fact that must be obvious: 40 days continuous rain can only have been caused by the draining of the Ocean down to the Earth's core through a colossal fissure. To break through the Earth's crust, even along a volcanic fault, calls for gigantic forces, such as we have only recently discovered for ourselves.

But given these, we can believe in the story of Noasa/Noah more literally; and the likelihood of some experiment being tried out too unscrupulously. Or we can choose

the alternative of Lobsang Rampa, if we prefer, that the decline was brought about by the collision of two cultures. One may not be disposed to accept his story as authentic; but the account of free energy machines is certainly impressive.

These are the two hypotheses. The solid evidence lies, say, in the Andes fortresses inherited by the Incas. The Inca masonry is seen in man-sized units, weighing a hundred-weight or two. They crown pre-Inca walls of Cyclopean masonry, fitted accurately together in chunks of a hundred tons and more. No modern culture would consider such a job with equanimity! Yet neither Incas nor their forebears had horses, steel, wheels or even bronze: at best copper knives. So here is vital evidence of a technological decline from a culture that could wield colossal power.

Only recently (1960) a machine, now in the Baghdad Museum, was dug up from a level of 6 feet underground, in the course of excavating new foundations. This is still in working order, operates with electricity, and dates from 4,500 years ago.

While in the Athens Museum is an even older toy, a clockwork planetarium brought up from the bottom of the sea and dated 3,500 B.C. Wound up with a key, it gives astronomical data, moon phases and the movements of the planets Mercury, Mars, Venus and Jupiter. This tallies with Jonathan Swift's chronoclasm: the announcement of the Moons of Mars and their orbits in 1726, considerably before their discovery by Asaph Hall in 1877. Swift presumably had access to the ancient records.

Given adequate funds, the STAR Fellowship Exhibition could show the replicas of these two machines, in operation, while driving home the astronomical details: since modern calculations show the Moons of Mars to be slowing down, the divergences of their orbits from those given by Swift enable us to calculate when they were travelling at the speed he described; so we can accurately date the time the observations were made.

The next exhibit shows the Piri Reis map of the South Atlantic and Antarctic coastlines, and its re-projection in conformity with modern cartographical conventions. Until the discovery of how to do this was made, the map was merely one which an old Turkish Admiral called Piri Reis had come by, said to have been carried by the navigator to Christopher Columbus, and littered with the old oddities "heere be wilde animals" and so on.

But afterwards, it had to be regarded more seriously. For here was an accurate

charting of the coastline now lost beneath the ice; accurate enough to allow revision of the maps carried by the U.S. Navy; so accurate, indeed, that it is likely to have been plotted from an aerial survey. Latitude and longitude are correctly given. Who was the cartographer who took these traverses, and how long ago? We have to go back 400 years to the time of Piri Reis. How much earlier to the time these coasts were clear of ice?

But even safe at home, secluded in the Kentish landscape, we are not free of the evidence of a past civilisation. A topographical model shows the lie of the land from Lyewood Common to Kent Hatch, a distance of $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Each is on common land, and each carries a prominent clump of scots pine, *pinus silvestris*. Aligning between the two we strike through the hilltop clumps of Mark Beech and Chippens Bank, both containing their sprinkling of *silvestris*.

For a fifth point, include the abandoned triangulation station close to Edenbridge, near Skinners Farm; a sixth could be the odd formation in the hollow near Kent Water, at Moat Farm. And over the brow at Blackham, the scots pines, lost amid the modern planting, may indicate more ancient landmarks on the hilltop. Given the fact that such clumps regenerate naturally throughout the centuries, such careful and accurate alignment may date back thousands of years.

Laid out as a topographical model, the unlikelihood of this alignment being accidental is immediately obvious. Who then was responsible? It was Alfred Watkins' theory that this was the work of the doddymen or tuttimen, of whom a memory is still preserved in several country fairs. Equipped with staves, like the Long Man of Wilmington, they would dodder and totter to and fro across a straight alignment, in their pairs, until each aligned the other on a distant mark, a natural hill top or some other skyline feature.

At such intermediate stations there would be artificial markers in the way of stones, beacons, tumuli or tree-clumps. The coincidence of the ancient clump of pines and beeches on the hilltop at Mark Beech, with the site of an ordnance survey triangulation station is hardly coincidental. Nor, perhaps, was the sighting of a flying saucer passing overhead, and following this line, by Mrs. Everest in August 1959.

To be continued.

Tony Wedd's dream of the travelling exhibition is available on the CD-ROM *The Legacy of Tony Wedd* - see back cover for details.

Memories of Giant Rock

by Lisa Davis

I grew up at Giant Rock. Every single weekend in the early-mid 60's were spent with George Van Tassel and family. I watched the Integratron be built, helped sell soda pop at the conventions in October, and sat at George's right side during the Friday evening meetings. This is the first time I've found reference to George - brings back many memories.. He was like a second Father to me.

I had so much fun running wild and free, from a child's point of view, there were no rules except in the cafe where Eva Van Tassel ruled the kitchen and always had the most incredible home made pies. George was always close by unless building the integratron. Oh my, the memories are flooding in - haven't thought of them for so many years now. I met Dorris in 1980. My son was almost born in her home, but a psychic visited Dorris one day and said the baby was upside down and I needed a hospital. That was the last time I saw Giant Rock. It was very upsetting to me to see how it had fallen in such disarray and the "feelings" all around the property were not the good ones I remembered. I had gone through the Suez Canal when it was still officially a war zone - the sadness and emptiness one feels while passing a bombed and burnt out ship is very similar to how I felt at seeing Giant Rock - as though a mighty battle had taken place there and it was lost.

I never questioned George's sincerity. I heard him tell his story many a time on the first visit he had and, being at the meetings every Friday night, I listened to all the different voices of those who spoke thru him. (this is good for me - I am remembering much more) My favorites were Luctus, Pain, and Nute (or Knute). Either Luctus or Pain, one was on the Shansi (Star of Bethlehem), the other was from (I have no idea how to spell this) the Quadra Sector Blaau, and Nute always stood and walked around - he had a very deep, booming voice, and said he was the one who would take, or have disappear, something you'd be looking for, couldn't find, and then find it right under your nose later. Also, during one Friday evening, as I sat next to George, I heard voices coming thru a pipe (more or less). When the lights were turned back on and I told George, he said that was what it was like - coming down a very long pipe. You also must understand that I grew up with very odd people visiting us, so George, from my perspective, was the most sane and normal of them all. I also have seen UFO's and unwittingly took a photo of one at Giant Rock. I took a photo of his Grandson, Shaun, standing up against the rocks behind the cafe - the UFO came up in the photo. George asked if he could have it and it was placed on the bulletin board in the cafe. I also remember the developer wanting to know where the photo was taken.

I have no doubt of George's sincerity and authenticity, but I have wondered over the years if it was a good thing. I still do not really know.

VOICES FROM SPACE

This article by Philip Rodgers, sent by J. Ashley Falk of New Zealand, appeared in Strange magazine in 1971, and gives a very full account of the space voice recordings.

A few weeks after first taking up the study of flying saucers in October, 1956, I had the strong hunch to walk to the top of Sir William Hill, a long, straight, moorland road, climbing to an altitude of 1400 feet, overlooking the Derwent Valley and my own village of Grindleford, Derbyshire (England), some ten miles from the large industrial city of Sheffield. On my way down, I was rewarded by seeing a slowly pulsating light, which could not be explained. And a few weeks later, when walking down the same hill, I was "buzzed" by a brilliant object which hovered straight in front of me, switching over from white to red, then disappearing. These two experiences convinced me not only that flying saucers existed but that the intelligences behind them knew quite a bit about me. Moreover, these sightings were personal ones, for my own benefit.

During the summer of the following year (1957), there were many sightings in the Sheffield area. And in September I heard a large number of musical notes, apparently produced by invisible flying objects. Sometimes they whizzed through the air at great speed. At other times, they paced me, as I was walking on country roads, also in Sheffield. And at other times they played scraps of melody, somewhat unrhythmic but with beautiful bell-like tone. Being a musician, I could identify them by the notes they produced. And once, while playing a recorder solo in the key of C, before an audience of three hundred school children, one of these objects, steadily emitting a note of C sharp, was heard, not only by myself, but by my fellow artists, and several members of the teaching staff. Then, while walking to another school, the same object paced us all the way, very much to my delight, though it scared the daylights

out of the soprano who was with me. Later I heard of some people in County Roscommon (Republic of Ireland) hearing similar sounds. So they were not noises in my head.

On November 24, 1957, I had the idea of recording one of these sounds. Placing the microphone of my Grundig machine on the outer sill of my sitting room window, I switched on, ran downstairs, and stood in front of our gate. After a couple of minutes, I was rewarded with a peculiar, penetrating, whistling sound, apparently coming from behind the ash tree on the opposite side of our lane. Immediately I ran indoors and wound back the tape, fully expecting there to be nothing on it. But to my intense relief, there was the sound, as clear as a bell. I noticed a peculiar, rising, double fundamental note, quite alien to any sound I had heard on earth. That was my first recording of a sound believed to emanate from outer space.

Over the Christmas holiday I picked up several sounds which were hard to explain but provided no definite evidence. And it was not until February, 1958, after a very severe blizzard, that a real break-through occurred. I recorded several musical, dulcimerlike bleeping sounds, in between which appeared the voice of a small girl, shouting: "Howdy!" a form of greeting never used in this country. This points to the possibility that, whoever the young lady was, she had learned her English in the western part of the United States.

The next breakthrough occurred on March 21st 'round about mid-day. This has been described in an article entitled, "Extraterrestrial Calling Cards" by Mr. Brad Steiger in *The Flying Saucer Menace*, and consisted of a mechanically produced (computer) voice, saying, faintly but clearly and

definitely: "Ship is real: people," against a background of clicking, resembling the noise of a typewriter. This was the first of the very few terse messages I have received. I took it to mean that the space ships are real and are piloted by people. I must, however, correct an impression that this message was received over the radio. It was picked up through the "Golden Voice" microphone, placed outside my bedroom window, some twelve feet from the ground. My radio was not on at the time. Like nearly all my signals, however, it was not heard at the moment of reception but discovered only when I played back the tape.

Shortly after this, when recording at night, I picked up a fantastic series of musical signals, mostly of instruments unknown on earth. In particular, they seemed very keen on demonstrating the tuning. One appeared to be a violinlike instrument, tuned in fifths, but with no G string and in its place an upper B, a fifth above the top E of a terrestrial violin. In between playing they kept shouting greetings. There was also a strange harplike instrument improvising on strings, tuned to a somewhat modernistic chord. Finally there came what sounded like a goose, flying slowly through the air and emitting a peculiar booming sound as it approached. This, however, resolved into the voice of a woman, with a rich mezzo-contralto quality and singing a type of slow chant—somewhat eerie, but nevertheless warm and human.

A careful check revealed that broadcast performances at the time had no connection with these signals. And the reader may be amused to learn that, a couple of years later, I picked up the sound of a wind instrument, very high in pitch, of a completely unknown type, demonstrating its natural harmonics, also attempting to play the sea chantey: "Blow the Man Down"—highly appropriate, considering I am a professional recorder player. Many of my recordings reveal the space people as having a very keen sense of humor.

I must interpolate here and say that most of my recordings are fragmentary, many of them only a second or two in

duration. There are no messages from "The Master of Venus" to the erring people of Earth, exhorting men to live together in brotherhood, to abolish war, the H-Bomb, etc. Many of my signals are meaningless on their own. But, if fitted together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, they provide a living sound picture of the people who produced them. I have heard it said that the space people have no wish to spoon feed us. Rather, they prefer to give us scraps of evidence, like the isolated clues in a detective mystery, upon which we are able to work, rather like the footprints, left by the Venusian, during George Adamski's first contact in the desert. I could not agree more.

A major recording was obtained on Maunday Thursday, round about 8:45 P.M. Later I checked that no children had been playing in the field opposite our house. But on the tape are to be heard the voices of youngsters making animal noises; chatting, playing, and laughing among themselves, and blowing an unidentified trumpet-like instrument, playing a modernistic musical phrase, quite unlike any fanfare I have heard on earth.

A small boy, who is able to speak perfect English, says: "Sputnik!" followed by what appears to be a translation into his own language: "Ya-du pardu!" And a girl of ten or eleven (Earth years!) says softly: "Halleluya!" followed by the word: "Nyanna-podo!" quietly and with Italian-like clarity. Finally, as a terrestrial motorbike is heard in the valley below, a teen-aged boy shouts a string of words in an unknown language, somewhat in the manner of a newspaper vendor. I wish I knew what he was saying.

Here is the place to give, in phonetical spelling, some of the odd words and phrases I have picked up at various times. And it will be noticed that there are definite similarities between some of them, pointing to their belonging to the same language. Some years ago I submitted a list of these to the B.B.C. Foreign Languages Department and not one of them could

be identified as belonging to any terrestrial language. Later I reeled off the same list to a Russian lady, and she assured me they do not belong to her language.

A couple of weeks after the "Children's party" recording, I picked up the voice of the same boy shouting: "Ya-ba hueseta!" (the "ue" as in the French "lune"). Then there is one of a very amorous young lady, saying "Mee-see-mar!" a less intimate, though still friendly greeting. The syllable: "Nya" (as in "piano") occurs in three words recorded. In addition to: "Nyanna-podo!" we have: "Nyanna-puisse!" and: "Ya-va-nyanna-donnova!"

Early one morning in Griddleford, I recorded the voice of a man, apparently speaking a different language. The word he said was: "Hiroshidoo!" And about three months later, when in Shrewsbury (Shropshire) about eight miles away, came the voice of possibly the same man saying "Herashiduchek!" Apparently the change of vowel altered the meaning of the word. Note the subtlety of these messages. And on another occasion, a group of boys and girls shouted: "Driota" followed by a feminine giggle. About half-a-minute later, the same word was repeated, only shouted much louder. And there are several more words on my tapes.

When I look back on Easter, 1958, it seems almost like a dream, had I not several very remarkable recordings to show for it. Almost every time I switched on that machine, something very exciting came on to the tape. The high spot occurred on the Tuesday. A friend invited me to tea in Sheffield. But immediately I had the strong hunch to return home, feeling certain that some important recording had been planned, and I arrived home earlier than expected.

I switched on the machine and gave a time check. However, I made a mistake and did not use the twenty-four hour clock, which had been my custom. On playing back the tape later that night, I was amazed to find a man's voice, rather nasal but friendly and humorous, making a somewhat hesitant correction to my

time check, according to the twenty-four hour clock, then asking if he was right. My voice is heard through the closed window and his is just as loud and clear. It appears he knew I was about to give the wrong time check and was ready with his correction, thus demonstrating the telepathic power of these people, as mentioned by so many space contactees. There is a peculiar triple click at the beginning of the recording, followed by an unearthly whirring sound. Several checks have been made since this happened and hoax entirely ruled out.

A couple of days later I tried a recording at about 4:15 A.M. in our dining room, with the machine on the table and the microphone a couple of feet in front of me. All I heard during the recording was the hum of a motor, amplified by its being on the solid oak table. But on playing back the tape, there was the sound of people, scuttling through a room with metal walls and a sliding door closing after them. There was also a sound like an air valve. And although no words were spoken, there appears to have been a girl, standing by the door, while a man is pushing a large object through it in a great hurry.

What I recorded is, of course, anybody's guess. Poltergeists have been suggested, but we have never had any such thing in our house. Besides, I would have heard it at the time of the recording. My guess is that the sound came from inside a space ship and that the transmitter, used for my recordings, was being pushed out through an air lock. Fanciful? Yes. But I stick to it till someone thinks of a better explanation.

A UFO investigator, who heard my "Time Check," suggested I try recording away from home. At first I did not wish to do this, for fear of upsetting the arrangements of those responsible for the recordings. I imagined they had their apparatus pretty well set up, aiming at my bedroom window. However, I succumbed and took my machine to the home of a friend in Sheffield. Her house was on a hill, overlooking a valley about five miles wide, with the district of Firth Park on the opposite side. And I must explain that, apart

from my friend, nobody in the district, knew me at all. Once again I was lucky in picking up some remarkable signals, including the voice of an exceedingly feminine young lady, with a delightful giggle. In this fragment is to be heard the voice of a man saying: "Tape recorder on" and the young lady remarks: "Oh dear! It's that Rodgers come visiting!" Her laugh which follows is one of the most beautiful sounds I have ever heard.

But that is only half the story. About six months later, after several people had tried to debunk my recordings, I had a visit from a Mr. George Wilde, who gave me some very interesting sighting reports from Sheffield, including some of his own. After he had left, I went through the reports in the hopes of finding one which coincided, more or less, with one of my tape recordings. I was lucky. One had occurred in the Firth Park area, about five hours after my recording in Sheffield. An ex-R.A.F. pilot (whom incidentally I have never met and who knew nothing of me at the time) who had chased UFOs in a plane but without success, was astonished to see a huge reddish object in the sky, scaring his fiancee to death. It hovered for a moment, then streaked off to the southwest (the direction of Grindelford). My guess is that they had hung about, hoping for a reliable witness, then made off for my own village, ready to resume recording the following day.

There was a lull during the autumn of 1958. But around Christmas they started up again—and how! The climax occurred on Boxing Day. I had a strong hunch to switch on my machine at about 9:30 P.M. and all the time was in a state of extreme excitement, without knowing why. On the tape appeared a jumble of remarkable sounds, including that of an air pump, a peculiar howling sound, a portion of a B.B.C. stereo broadcast, put out at least ten days earlier, fading suddenly and returning, as though switched off and on, and the voice of a B.B.C. engineer, who had investigated my recordings at the end of the previous April. Note that these

were echoes from the past and that the further back they went, the more fragmented and distorted they became.

But there was one portion definitely not from the past: the voice of a woman with a marked American accent, instructing a man with my voice how to operate what sounds like a machine with push buttons, which I know for a fact has never occurred. Whether this may happen in the future remains to be seen. The whole performance ends up with a distorted piece of music, which I later identified as Cavarossi's aria: "When the stars were brightly singing" from Act III of Tosca. During this aria, the hero looks up at the stars, while sitting on top of a tower, then writes a letter to his loved one. I take this to mean that, if you wish to know where this comes from, look up to the stars. All this happened on a quiet Boxing night, with nobody on the lane in front of our house.

But again, this is only half the story. Two nights later, at 6:30 P.M., I received another strong hunch to switch on again. To my utter amazement, the whole lot came back again, only much stronger and clearer this time. The two recordings could have been synchronized. And yet they are most definitely not the same, as my voice is heard (shouting to my mother) on the first, though not on the second. Note that there was a forty-five hour lapse between the two, a thing I noticed on a couple of subsequent minor recordings. The second could not have been a breakthrough of the first (on the same tape), being very much stronger. Three years later, a B.B.C. producer, investigating this recording, tried to force me to tell a lie and admit I had mixed up the two recordings—that the second had occurred first. But I had taken careful notes at the time and this was definitely not so. His explanation as to the jumbled sounds was that a B.B.C. recording van had been sent all the way from London (about 160 miles away) with the express purpose of playing these recordings outside my window and thus making a fool of me. We English have a

saying: "Don't some mothers have them!" If any reader can explain this phenomenon, I will be most interested.

Another baffling recording took place in June, 1959 I must explain that a local composer, Mr. Colin Hand, had written a sonatina for treble recorder and piano especially for me. It has since been published by Schott and Co. and I have played it on Irish Radio. At that time, however, it was in manuscript form and only two copies existed. There was a recorder part, which I had, and a piano score, held by Mr. Hand, so there was no chance of anybody in the village knowing this piece of music.

On the day in question, the composer had promised to come and practice it with me. In the morning, I switched on my machine, then picked up my treble recorder and played straight through the first movement without a break. This took a couple of minutes only. To my utter amazement there appeared on the tape a recording lasting about twenty minutes, with a six minute break in between. All the sounds were me, playing that first movement, but sometimes three sections were heard simultaneously, like a number of separate echoes. Eventually the sounds became fainter and flatter, ending up in a loud discord. Mr. Hand, formerly a skeptic about my recordings, heard a portion of this one and almost collapsed through astonishment. I know this sounds impossible, but so are many of my recordings. But they are there for anybody to hear. My one

regret in writing this article is that I have no space to mention many other remarkable recordings.

Since the incidents referred to, the years have rolled on, with months on end without a solitary signal, although I have had my machine on many times. Now and again, however, remarkable things have appeared, especially during the latter part of 1966 and periodically throughout 1967.

Although the reader cannot possibly form a true judgment of my recordings without having heard them, I am sure he will agree that these form a vivid picture of a people, like ourselves, men, women, and children, exceedingly friendly, jolly, and informal, yet perfectly self-disciplined, as I found to my regret when playing music. They kept perfectly quiet during a performance, making comments only before or after a piece. And yet these delightful people are completely alien to this planet, having a language and an astonishing technology completely unknown to us. I am convinced they do not live on the ground, and it is highly unlikely they come from under the earth. And although my full name has been mentioned on several occasions, only three times out of hundreds of recordings received, have their names been mentioned and never their place (or planet) of origin. Nevertheless they have several times used the words: "In space!" or "From space!" and I personally regard this as a plain statement of fact.

Find us on the web:

The Tony Wedd Site:

<http://members.netscapeonline.co.uk/jimgddrd/tonywedd>

All the Planets are Inhabited!:

<http://www.strodes.ac.uk/atpai.htm>

Entering "Tony Wedd" in the Google search engine (<http://www.google.co.uk>) brings up far more of interest now than it did six months ago, from reviews of *The Legacy of Tony Wedd CD-ROM* to rambles round Chiddington, mentioning Tony and his ideas on the way. (There is also another Tony Wedd who seems to come up often - a professor of chemistry in Australia!)

THE HIDDEN UNITY and BEGINNINGS

The Hidden Unity looks at the strange phenomenon of subconscious siting of ley points, and notes that places of worship, of all religions and all ages, tend to predominate on leys. The environmental and philosophical implications of this are discussed, and the apparent necessity of worship but irrelevance of doctrine. Two ley centres are given as examples, and investigated in depth - the Shah Jehan Mosque in Woking and the Guru Nanak Sikh Temple, Scunthorpe. There is an appendix by Eileen Grimshaw on the significance of the Pagan religion to this study. Illustrated with photographs, maps and line drawings. £2 plus 30p p&p from the Amskaya address. Please make cheques payable to J. Goddard.

Beginnings is about a series of potentially useful discoveries, mainly made by Jimmy Goddard over a period of about twenty years, but having some overlap with discoveries made by others. For various reasons, the investigations are all in their early stages, and some have not been continued. They include earth energy detection, natural antigravity, subconscious siting, ley width, and the solar transition effect. There is also a chapter on cognitive dissonance - a psychological factor which seems to have been at the root of all bigotry - scientific, religious and other - down the ages. The booklet is concluded with an account of the discovery of leys by Alfred Watkins. £2 plus 30p p&p from the Amskaya address. Please make cheques payable to J. Goddard.

EARTH PEOPLE, SPACE PEOPLE

In 1961, Tony Wedd produced a manuscript *Earth Men, Space Men*, detailing many claims of extraterrestrial contact. It was never published, and I had thought it was lost, though it has recently been located. To try to make up for the loss in a much more modest size, this booklet was prepared. As well as giving details of some of the more prominent contact claims, there are articles on the history of the STAR Fellowship and some of its personalities, evidence for life in the Solar System and investigation into extraterrestrial language.

£2 plus 30p p&p from the Amskaya address. Please make cheques payable to J. Goddard.

THE LEGACY OF TONY WEDD

This CD-ROM is an electronic form of the travelling exhibition Tony planned, using his voice, writing, photographs and drawings to illustrate his research and findings in the fields of flying saucers, landscape energies and lost technology.

£9.99 from the Amskaya address. Please make cheques payable to J. Goddard.

AMSKAYA is the newsletter of the STAR Fellowship, a continuation of the organisation formed in 1960 by Tony Wedd of Chiddingstone, who held that contact was the way ahead for flying saucer investigation. £2 for four quarterly issues from J. Goddard, 25, Albert Road, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey, KT15. 2PX. Please make cheques payable to J. Goddard. IF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS DUE AN "X" WILL FOLLOW THIS SENTENCE: